The too and fro conflicting wind and raine:
This night wherin the cub-drawne Beare would couch,
The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
Keepe their furre dry; vnbonneted he runnes,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-ieſt
His heart-ſtrooke-iniuries.

Kent. Sir I doe know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my Arte,
Commend a deare thing to you; there is diuiſion,
Although as yet the face of it be couer'd,
With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*;
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this ſcattered kingdome, who alreadie wiſe in our
Haue ſecret feet in ſome of our beſt Ports, (negligẽce,
And are at point to ſhew their open banner.
Now to you, if on my credit you dare build ſo farre,
To make your ſpeed to Douer, you ſhall find
Some that will thanke you, making iuſt report
Of how vnnaturall and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plaine.
I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance,
Offer this office to you.

Gent. I will talke farther with you.

Kent. No doe not,
For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-wall, open this purſe and take
What it containes; if you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
As feare not but you ſhall, ſhew her this ring,
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you doe not know; fie on this ſtorme,
I will goe ſeeke the King.

Gent. Giue me your hand, haue you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet:
That, when we haue found the King,
Ile this way, you that, he that firſt lights

Enter

On him, hollow the other.

Enter Lear, an

Lear. Blow wind, & cracke you
You caterickes, & Hircanios ſpout
The ſteeples, drown'd the cockes;
Thought-executing fires, vaunt-cu
Oke-cleauing thunderboults, ſing
And thou all ſhaking-thunder, ſmi
The thicke Rotunditie of the worl
Mold, all Germains ſpill at once th
Ingratefull man.

Foole. O Nunckle, Courtholy-
Is better then this raine water out a
Good Nunckle in, and aske thy da
Heers a night pities nether wiſe ma

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſpit
Nor raine, wind, thunder, fire are m
I taske not you you elements with
I neuer gaue you kingdome, cald y
You owe me no ſubſcription; why t
Here I ſtãd your ſlaue, a poore infir
Deſpis'd ould man; but yet I call yo
Miniſters, that haue with 2. pernitio
Your high engẽdred battel gainſt a
As this. O tis foule.

Foole. Hee that has a houſe to
headpeece, the Codpeece that wil
any the head and hee ſhall lowſe, ſ
man that makes his toe what hee
haue a corne cry woe, and tur
there was neuer yet faire woman
glaſſe.

Lear. No I will be the patterne
I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Whoſe there?

Foole. Marry heers Grace, & a
a foole.

Kent. Alas ſir, ſit you here?

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